A boat came gliding down the stream, With ripple soft, and plash and gleam. But when she saw him up the stream, Fresh from the mountain's early gleam The old, old, wonder-working spell Around them both like magic fell. And ere his boat had drifted by A change came over wood and sky; He lightly drew his boat to land. He lightly reached to her his hand, And, leaving all that they had known, The two went down the stream alone. The boatman's arm was good and strong The boatman's oar was tough and long. The maiden's face was sweet and fair; She felt no faintest fear or care.

The thrush sung on the bank alone; The maiden down the stream had gone. -Ellen W. Carey, in Chicago Journal.

LUCINY'S ROSES.

Why William Havers Did Not Cut Them Down.

The cottage house had been painted white, but the paint was now only a film in some places. One could see the gray wood through it. The establishment had a generally declining look; the shingles were scaling from the roof, the fences were leaning. All the bit of newness and smartness about it was the front door. That was painted a bright blue. Cinnamon rose bushes grew in the square front yard. They were full of their little sweet ragged roses now. With their silent, lowly persistency they had overrun the whole yard. There was no stepping room between them. They formed a green bank against the house walls; their branches reached droopingly across the front walk, and pushed throug the fence. Children on the sidewalk could pick the roses. Four men coming up the street with a business air looked hesi tatingly at this rose-crowded front yard

tatingly at this rose-crowded front yard when they neared it.

"Thar ain't no use goin' in thar into that mess of prickly roses," said one—a large man with a happy smile and swagger.

"We are obliged by law to have the sale on the premises," remarked another, blandly and authoritatively. He was a light-whiskered young fellow, who wore better clothes than the others, and held a layer roll of papers estentationals.

better clothes than the others, and held a large roll of papers ostentatiously.

"Come round to the side of the house, then," spoke another, with low gruffness. He was a man of fifty. He had a lean, sinewy figure, and a severe, sharp-featured face. His skin was dark reddishbrown from exposure to the sun.

So the four filed around into the side yard, with its short grass and its wall and yard, with its short grass and its wall and

yard, with its short grass and its well and well-sweep. Here a red flag was blowing, fastened to a cherry-tree. The men stood together in close consultation, the light-whiskered young man, who was a lawyer, being chief spekernen. being chief spokesman.
"We may as well begin," he said, finally, standing off from the others. "The hour has passed; no one else is likely to

Then they took their places with a show Then they took their places with a show of ceremony—the large man, who now held the roil of papers, a little aloof, the lawyer, and the fourth man, who was old, and had a stupid, anxious face, at one side, and the man with the severe red face, leaning carelessly against the cherry-tree. The large man began to read in a loud voice. As he did so, a loud wail came from the house. He stopped reading, and all turned their faces toward it. "Oh dear!" they heard distinctly, in a shrill, weak, womanish voice, with an unnatural strain on it—"oh dear! oh dear!

natural strain on it—"oh dear! oh dear me! Dear me! dear me! dear me!" Then followed loud hysterical sobs; then the voice kept on: "Oh, father, what made you leave me!—what made you die an' leave me? I wa'n't fit to be left alone. Oh, father' oh, mother' oh I wa'n't." Oh, father! oh, mother! oh, Luciny! I 'ain't got anybody—l 'ain't, not any body. Oh dear! oh dear me! dear me!"

"I heard she took on awfully 'bout it,"

"I heard she took on awfully bout it," said the auctioneer.

"Well, you might as well go on," said the lawyer; "duty has to be performed, no matter how unpleasant."

"That's so," assented the auctioneer. Then he proceeded, trying to drown out these distressing cries with his powerful utterauce. But the cries rang through and above it always. He kept on smilingly; it was the lawyer who grew impatient.

above it always. He kept on smilingly; it was the lawyer who grew impatient.

"Gracious sakes," cried he, "can't something he done to stop that woman? Why didn't somebody take her away?"

"I guess her brother's wife is in thar with her; I thought I see her at the window a minute ago," said the auctioneer, coming down from his high hill of declamation.

mation.
"Well, go on quickly, and have done with it," said the lawyer. "This is aw-

with it," said the lawyer. "This is awful."

The man at the chery-tree kept clinching his hands, but he said nothing. The auctioneer resumed his reading of the long statement of the conditions of the sale, then the bidding began. That was soon over, since there were only two bidders. The old man, who held the mortgage, which had been foreclosed, bid with nervous promptness the exact amount of his claim. Then the man at the cherry-tree made a bid of a few dollars more, and he was pronounced the purchaser.

"Going, going—gone!" said the auctioneer, "to William Havers."

William Havers lingered about his new estate until the others had departed, which they did as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed. They wanted to be out of hearing of those sad cries and complaints. Havers strolled out to the road them. When he saw them fairly started, he went swiftly back to the house, to the side door.

He knocked cautiously. Directly the cries broke out louder and shriller. "They've come to order me out—they hey, they hey!"

Steps approached the door swiftly; it opened and a woman appeared. She looked pale and troubled, but she was not the one in such bitter distress, for the cries still sounded from the interior of the house.

"How do you do, Mr. Havers?" said the

"How do you do, Mr. Havers?" said the woman, with grave formality.
"Can I see her a minute?" he asked,

hoarsely.

"Elsie? I don' know. She's takin' on dreadfully. She ain't fit to see any body. I'm afraid she wouldn't."

"If she'd only see me a minute. I've got something I want to say particular."

"Well, I'll see."

Now, however, something besides sorrow seemed to move her. She was all alive with a strange impotent wrath, which was directed against William Havers. She clinched her red, bony hands; her poor eyes flashed with indignation, though the force of it was lost through their tearful weakness.

"I guess I won't keep on stavin' here," she snapped, in her thin, hoarse voice. "I guess I won't. You needn't offer me a home. I've got one pervided. I ain't quite destitute yet. You needn't think you're goin' to come round now an' smooth matters over. I know why vou've done it. You can't blind me. You've been watchin' all the time for a chance to pay us back."

watchin' all the time for a chance to pay us back."
"I don't know what she means," said Havers, helplessly, to the other woman.
"She don't know neither. She's 'most beside hersoit."

Havers began again, trying to speak socthingly-"Now don't you go to feelin' so, Miss Mills. You 'ain't got to leave. I ain't a-goin' to live here myself anyway. I'm goin'—"
"I ain't goin' to stay here another night.

I'm goin'—"

"I ain't goin' to stay here another night. I ain't goin' to be livin' on you. I guess you'll find out. Oh. Luciny, what would you have said if you'd knowed what was comin' twenty year ago! Oh dear! dear!

The other woman took her by the shoulders. "Now, Elsie, you've got to walk right in an' stop this. You ain't talkin' with any reason. You'll be ashamed of yourself when you come to."

She walked her forcibly out of the entry, and shut the door. Then she turned to Havers.

and shut the door. Then she turned to Havers.

"You musn't mind what she says," said she. "She's been about as near crazy as anybody can be, and not be, all day."

"I don't know what she kin mean by my tryin' to pay her back, Mis' Wing."

"She don't know herself. She's got kind of a notion that you're to blame for buyin' the place. She'll know better to-morrow."

"It's a good deal better for me to any it then Steadman," said Havers, with a troubled look. "I shell let her keep right on here. To tell the truth, I bought the place more fur—"

on here. To tell the truth, I bought the place more fur—"

"You're a real good man," said Mrs. Wing, warmly. She was Elsie Mill's brother's wife. "She'll be ashamed of herself to-morrow. But she's comin' to live with Slias an' me. She's welcome to a home with us jest as long as she lives. She aren't fit to live alone, anyway. We knew when her father died that she'd run the place out in no time. Well, she's takin' on so, I shall have to go in. I don't like to leave her a minute. Don't you mind any thing she said."

Contrary to Mrs. Wing's expectations, Elsie Mills was not disposed to retract her words. The next day, when she was peacefully domiciled in her brother's house, and seemed a little calmer, her sister-in-law opened on the subject.

nouse, and seemed a fittle calmer, her ass-ter-in-law opened on the subject.
"What in creation made you talk so to William Havers last night," said she. "Not one man in a hundred would have made you the offer that he did after he'd bought

Elsie fired up at once. "I guess I know why," said she. "Luciny gave him the mitten once—that's why. He's doin' it to show out."

show out."
"Why, Elsie Mills, are you in yourright
mind?"
"Yes. I am. He acted awful cut up.
He never got over it. He always meant
to pay us back. Now he's bought the place
an' invited me to live on him, he'll feel
better."

better."
"Well, I never!" Mrs. Wing repeated the conversation to her husband, and told him that she was really scared about Elsie; she did not act

with any reason.

Silas Wing laughed. "Don't you worry,
Maria," said he, "Eisle always had that
notion. I never really believed that Luciny give Havers the mitten myself, but
she did, an' she always went on the notion that he was dreadfully upset over it.
Fisia', aner. She's mighty week an' Elsie's queer. She's mighty meek an' yieldin' generally; she seems to be kinder goin' sideways at things fur the most part; but if she ever does git p'inted straight at any thing, thar ain't no turnin' bar."

her."
"Do you remember any thing about William Havers waitin' on Luciny?"
"Yes, He was round some two years before she died. I didn't think much before she died. I didn't think much about it. Luciny was always havin' beaux. An' no wonder; thar wa'nt many girls like her. I kin see her now, jest how she used to look. Poor Elsie wa'n't much beside her, but I don't believe she ever give that a thought. She thought Luciny was beautiful, an' thar wa'n't any thing too good fur her. She'd slave herself 'most to death to save her. No; don't you worry, Maria. Elsie's always run on that notion."

Silas Wing was Elsie Mills' half-

notion."
Silas Wing was Elsie Mills' half-brother; the dead Lucina had been her own sister. The house which had jus-been sold was her inheritance from her father. Silas Wing was an easy, pros-perous man, with a shrewd streak in his character. His sister's property was sadly deteriorated, and a poor investment. He had no idea of sinking money to secure

He had no idea of sinking money to secure it for her, but he was perfectly willing to provide for her, and gave her a most cordial invitation to his home. He gave her a front chamber in his large square white house, and furnished it with her own things, to make it seem like home.

"Thar ain't any reason why Elsie shouldn't be as happy as a queen here as long as she lives," he told his wife. "Thar ain't many women fare any better. She ain't much over forty. She'd hev to work hard if she was in some places, an's she ain't fit to. Now she'll jest hev to help you round a little, an' live jest as comfortable as can be."

Elsie's chamber commanded a good view

Elsie's chamber commanded a good view

Elsie's chamber commanded a good view of her old home, which was on the opposite side of the street, a little further down. She could see the yard full of cinnamon roses, and the blue front door, which stood out bravely. That blue door was due to her; she had painted it herself. Silas had some blue paint left after painting his farm wagon, and she had begged it. Then she had stood on a chair—a small, lean figure in clinging calico—and plastered the brilliant blue thickly over the front door, wielding the brush stiffly in her little knotty hand, stretching herself up on her slight, long limbs.

She had always viewed the effect with innocent delight. The unusualness of a blue front door did not trouble her. She was as crude and original as a child in her tastes. It looked bright and fresh in itself, and to her thinking relieved the worn look of the house. She would have painted farther had her paint lasted. After the door was painted blue, she had held up her head better under a neighbor's insinuation that the house was "run down." That, indeed, had led her to do it.

Now she sat forlornly at her chambe window, her elbows on the sill, her sharp chin in her hands, for many an hour, staring over at the blue door and the cinstaring over at the blue door and the cinnamon roses, as she might have stared at lost jewels. Nothing about the place seemed so distinctly her own as that blue door; nothing seemed so dear as those cinnamon roses, because her dead sister Lucina had planted them. It is sad work looking at things that were once one's own, when they have not been given away for love, and one still wants them. Elsie was meekly unhappy over it. She was no longer violent and openly despairing, as she had been at first. That had been very unusual with her. She was fond of her brother and his wife, and conformed gently to all the requirements of

with it. He's goin' to cut down all them cinnamon roses in the front yard to-morrow. He's brought over his sickle to-night."
That was all Elsie heard. She did not know how long they talked after that. He was going to cut down Lucina's cinnamon roses! She kept saying it over to herself, as if it were a task she had to learn, and she could not easily understand. "Lucina's cinnamon roses! He's goin' to cut down all Lucina's cinnamon roses to-morrow". It was twelve o'clock that night when Elsic crept down the stairs and out the front door. There was no sound in the house except her brother's heavy breathing. He and his wife had been asleep three hours. Elsie sidled out of the yard, keeping on the grass, then sped across the road and down it a little way to her old home. There were only these two houses for a long way; there was not a light visible in either. No one would be passing at this time of the night; there was no danger of her being observed; moreover, she could not have been very easily. Great elms grew on both sides of the street, and they cast broad, flickering shadows. Elsie, keeping close with the shadows, as if they were friends, and progressing with soft starts, after little pauses to listen and peer, might have passed for a shadow herself. peer, might have passed for a shadow her-self.

self.

She stopped for a minute at the corner of the yard, and stared fearfully over at the periled roses. The moon was coming up, and she could see them distinctly. She fell to remembering. To this innocent, simple-hearted creature, clinging so closely to the old holy loves and loyalties that she meditated what to her was a desperate deed in defense of them, that fair dead Lucina became visible among her cinnamon roses. Elsie for a minute, as she stood there, was all memory; the past seemed to come back in pity for her agony of regret and overshine the present. The light of an old morning lay on those roses, and young Lucina stood among them, lovely and triumphant. She had just set them in the earth with her dear hands. When Elsie moved again she was ready for any thing.

or any thing.

Oh, those cinnamon roses! the only traces which that beautiful, beloved maiden had left of her presence in the world! Oh, those cinnamon roses! the one

world! Oh, those cinnamon roses! the one little legacy of grace which she had been able to bequeath to it!

When Elsie came out on the road again she had something carefully covered by her apron, lest the moon should make it glitter. She ran home faster than she had come, with no watchful pauses now. But she had to make another cautious journey to the Wing heart before she returned to to the Wing barn before she returned to her room. Finally she gained it successfully; no one had heard her. The next morning some one knocked while the fam-ily were at the breakfast table. Silas answered it.

I suppose if he were requested to en-tertain relatives by standing on his head answered it.

"The queerest thing," he said, when he returned. "Havers has lost his sickle, the one he brought over last night, an' he wants to borrow mine, an' I can't find that high or low. I would ha' swore it was hangin' on the hook in the barn. He wants to get them cinnamon roses cut."

wants to get them cinnamon roses cut."

"Well, I should think it was queer!"
said his wife, "I know I saw it out there
yesterday. Are you sure it's gone?"

"Course I am. Don't you s'pose I've got eves?

got eyes?"

Elsie said nothing. She bent her head over her plate and tried to eat. They did not notice how white she was. She kept a sharp watch all day; she started every time any one spoke; she kept close to the others; she dreaded to hear what might be said, but she dreaded more not to hear.
"Has Mr. Havers found his sickle yet?"

Mrs. Wing asked, when her husband came home at night. He had been over to the village. "I see you ridin' home with village. "I see you ridin' home with him."

"No, he 'ain't. He's gone and bought a new one. Says he's bound to hev them roses cut down to-morrow. 'Ain't seen any thing of ourn yet, hev ye?"

"No: I've been out myself and looked."

"Well, it beats every thing—two sickles right in the neighborhood! I ruther think some one must ha' took 'em."

"Land! Sllas, nobody's took 'em. I know all about you. I've known you to hev things stole before, an' it always turned out you was the thief. When you lose a thing it's always stole."

Elsie found it harder to start out to-

Elsie found it harder to start out to-night; a little of the first impetus was wasted. Still, she did not hesitate. When wasted. Still, she did not hesitate. When the house was quiet she crept out again, and went over to the old place. She did not stop to reflect over the roses to-night. She was braced up to do her errand; but it must be done quickly, or she would give way. She went straight around the house to the woodshed, where she had found the sickle the night before. As she came close to the open arch which served as entrance there was a swift rush, and William there was a swift rush, and William Havers stood beside her holding her hand.

ing for breath. the baby's future teeth are the cause of "Elsie Mills? what in the world are you all the trouble. I think this is absurd. doin' here? She looked up in his face, but did not

speak.
"Why, Elsie, what is it! Don't, you be afraid, your poor little thing. What was it you wanted? Tell me."
"Let me go?"
"Let me go?"
"It think you'd the me go?"
"Of course I will, but I think you'd the me go through the without any teeth, and even if he did, he ought to reflect that, at the worst, teeth are a temporary evil. Most people manage to get rid of them by a judicious use of mo-

"Let me go?"

"Of course, I will, but I think you'd better tell me what you wanted, an' let me get it. P'd be glad enough to. I didn't mean to scare you. I suspected P'd hed a sickle stole, an' I was kinder keepin' a lookout. When I jumped out I didn't see who 'twas."

"I stole your sickle, and I'll steal it again if you offer to tech Luciny's roses."
"You—stole my sickle—I offer to tech Luciny's roses! I guess I don't know

"I mean jest what I say. I'll steal your sickle every time you offer to cut down Luciny's roses."

"You mean them roses out in the front yard?" Never Presume to Answer a Question young ones, against attempting to reply to any question by a scholar when they do not really know what answer to give. No one can be prepared for

"You mean them roses out in the front yard?"

"Course I do. Didn't she set 'em out?"

"Dear me! I didn't know. I didn't know nothin' about it. I hadn't no notion of your feelin' bad. If I had, I guess—Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you come right over? I'd hev mown off my own fingers before I'd offered to tech them roses if I'd known."

"Do you s'po e I was goin' to come over here an' ask you not to, when I knew you was jest doin' it for spite 'cause Luciny wouldn't hev you?"

"'Cause Luciny wouldn't hev me?"

"Yes, 'cause Luciny wouldn't hev you."

"I'd idn't never ask her to hev me, Elsie.'
"What?"

"What?"
"I didn't never ask her." 'I don't see what you mean by that."
Why, I mean I didn't." "What was you hangin' round her so fur, een? An' what made you act so awful cut

"Didn't you never know 'twas you,

Elsie?"
"Me?"
"Yes, you."
"Well, all I've got to say is, you'd orter
to be ashamed of yourself. A girl like
Luciny—you wa'n't fit to look at her. I
guess there wa'n't many fellers round but
would ruther hev had her than anybody
also I guess it's sour grapes."

else. I guess it's sour grapes."
"I know Luciny was the handsomest girl anywheres round, but that didn't make no difference. I always liked you best. I don't think you'd orter to be mad, Elsie." "I ain't; but I don't like to see anybody

like Luciny slighted. I wa'n't nothin of Luciny." "Well, I reckon your thinkin' you wa'n't was what make me take to you in the first place. Look a-here, Elsie. I'm a-goin' to tell you. I've been wantin' to, but I didn't know but I'd die before I got a chance. I came over an' bought this place jest on your account when I heard the mortgage was goin' to be foreclosed. I didn't reely s'pose you'd be willin' to marry me, you treated me so indifferent in Luciny's day; but I didn't pay no attention to that. I wanted you to keep on livin' here. When you acted so mad 'cause I spoke about it, I didn't dare to say any thing more. But I wish you'd come now. Won't you? I'll go back to my old home; 'twont put me out a mite. An' I shan't do it because I've got any spite, nor want to show it out. It 'll be because I've always liked you better'n anybody else, an' wantel to do something fur you."

Elsie was crying; "I've got to get use to thinkin' of it," she sobbed.

"Well, you think it over, an' you come back here. It's your home, where you've always lived, an' I know you'll be happier, no matter how much your brother's folks do fur you. You make up your mind an' come back. I'll hev the house painted, an' it'll look roal pretty with the blue door; an' I won't hov a single one of them cinnamon roses cut down, if I find out that their roots are tangled up in a gold mine."

"No; I shan't let you give me the house "Mow do you do, Mr. Havers?" said the woman, with grave formality.

"Can I see her a minute?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Eslief? I don' know. She's takin' on dreadfully. She sin't fit to see any body. I'm afraid she wouldn't."

"If she'd only see me a minute. I've got something I want to say particular."

"Well, I'll see."

"Well, I'reckon your thinkin' you wa'n't was what make me take to you in the first ingresistance to circumstances in her; she did not kick against the pricks. Still she did not "Well, I reckon your thinkin' you wa'n't about the subject he may think fit. I can speak from a lively experience on

-Au Ohio law firm is composed of

OUR FASHION LETTER.

he Recent Changes in Styles of Ladles Garments—Elegant Simplicity of Street Costumes — Fashionable Jackets — The French Polonaise, Leg O' Mutton

"Now, Elsie, thar ain't no reason in your feelin' so. When anybody gets to thinkin' a good deal of anybody else, why it don't make so much difference about yourself; the other one stands first. If you kin see the other one happy, you don't know any difference betwixt that an' bein' happy yourself, an' if you kin only do something to make the other one happy, why, it comes before any thing else. That's jest the way I feel. I've got eddicated up to it. So don't you worry about takin' the house fur nothing. You ain't. Now you'll git cold standin' here. I'm goin' to see you safe to your brother's, an' you think it over." until they are a year old; they are rare-Sleeves, Etc., Etc. [Special Correspondence.] New York, September, 1886.-Just nov ashion seems to be infected with some of the capricious disposition of the seasonpromising, threatening and withdrawing by turns, "every thing by starts and noth ing long." It is rather difficult to say what its developments will be a month hence, but at present there are changes and varieties enough in every style of gown, wrap and bonnet to please all tastes, with considerable left over unap-propriated. One of the arbitrary requirements, however, which will not be changed inforthcoming styles, will be the elegant simplicity of street costumes. There will be

vou safe to your brother's, an' you think it over."
Her little nervous hand clutched at his coat sleeve to detain him.
"Look-a here a minute. I want to tell you. I 'ain't never had any thing like this to say before, an' I don't know how. When I got to thinkin' about any thing of this kind, I always put Luciny in instead of me. But I want to tell you—I'm all took by surprise, an' I don't know—but mebbe, if I could get used to thinkin' of it, I—could—"
"I guess I don't know what you mean, Elsie." and much more will be accomplished Elsie,"
"Well, it don't seem as if thar would be plaids, much sense in my gittin' married now, anyway." Elsie Mills and William Havers were checks and other fabrics for combina-

married at the bride's brother's. When the bridal couple went to their own home, they did not enter at the front door. They passed around to the side one, because the front yard was so full of cinnamon roses.

—Mary E. Wilkins, in Harper's Bazur. in high the case, it will not by any means follow that Happy Father's Opinion of His Somehandsome Oh, yes, there is evidently something a single color ne matter with that child. Life has no charms for him. He is utterly indiffervail. ent about his personal appearance; don't care how his hair is combed, or gant gowns whether it is combed at all; is equally indifferent as to whether his face is either plain washed; treats all visitors, and especially fabrics, a chis feminine friends, with coldness and cording even rudeness: openty laments their ar- fancy. rival and rejoices at their departure; de- yet the letter clines to be interviewed concerning of the law be equally ful-filled in fashthe number of his teeth; declines to

on's do-

MR. JONES' BABY.

what Troublesome First-Born,

show any one how big he is, or to enter-

tain his relatives by clapping his hands; does not seem to feel at all complimented

or walking off on his ear, he would re-

turn a contemptuous refusal. He weeps

at every opportunity. His regular of-

fice-hours for weeping are from eleven o'clock at night to five o'clock in the morning, with intermissions for sooth-

I think he is meditating suicide. I know he has swallowed unlimited quan-

ities of pins, needles, carpet-tacks and

shoe-blacking. I found him yesterday with a box of sulphur-matches in his

hand, and he seemed to be in doubt

whether he ought to eat them, or

whether they were intended for external

use only. He seemed, indeed, to favor

the latter idea, as he was trying to set

fire to the house; but he had some of

the matches in his mouth, showing that

a two-story window. He recently seized

a carving-knife at table in a most ferocious manner, and, if it had not

been for the timely interposition of Mrs.

J., there is no knowing what scenes of carnage might have ensued.

to make away with himself.
What can be the cause of it all?

been compelled to abandon it.

Yes, it is quite clear that he intends

His mother has frequently been of

pinion that it was pins, but I never

took any stock in that theory, and she

herself, after mature investigation, has

our friends have as

It is inconceivable that he should pre-

fer to go through life without any teeth;

rary evil. Most people manage to get rid of them by a judicious use of mo-

lasses-taffy; but even if this remedy should fail, the sufferer need not de-

spair while chewing tobacco remains as

I have learned a good deal since that

kid shuffled on this mortal coil, but I

CAUTION TO TEACHERS.

Without Being Well Posted.

Let me warn teachers, especially

minutes than the greatest philosopher

can answer in a life time. I know the

some sort, which may be right or may

be wrong, "for fear the scholars should

think us ignorant;" but the tempta-tion must be battled with. The real

reason why an answer is attempted,

ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is pride, and it is pride which will certain-ly have a fall, for if the scholar does

not know at once that the reply was a

the teacher with it at some most inop-

portune time-perhaps quote his own

vords against him. Then, indeed, will

the scholar look down upon that

teacher and probably give him a far

lower place in their regard that he really deserves. If, however, their teacher is generally well informed and well ahead

their estimation if he honestly confesses

that he can not answer some particular

question-it is generally one of fact-

on the spur of the moment. Still, he

should carefully treasure the question

and see that he obtains the correct answer to it for the very next time he

meets his class and should give them

the reply, with any other information

this matter. A few days after I took my first and only class, we had a lesson in which some of the mountains of the

Holy Land were mentioned and as we

spoke of them, I was suddenly taken aback with the question: "Teacher,

what's the highest mountain in th

world?" I confess I had some sort of

an idea that it was Chimborazo; but

fortunately, my better nature con-quered, and I admitted I did not know, but added I would tell them in the after-

noon. I know that I have never for-

gotten since then that it is Mount Everest and I do not think they have forgotter

asked me knew it and had I made guess, would have tripped me in fine style. -Quiver.

it either. I found that the boy

them, he will not sink at all in

guess, he will remember it and confront

don't know every thing yet. -Puck.

I think it is pure cussedness,

last resource.

the baby's future teeth are the cause of

ng syrup and similar refreshments.

when told that he is fat.

main. of the fash- Tailor Costume of Turtle Colionable jackets for these natty suits shows a model fitting the figure trimly in the back, with the shortest kind of a

POSTILION AS A FINISH.

In front it opens all the way down over a double-breasted waistcoat of plain cloth or ecru pique, this fastened up half its length with costly buttons, set on in a double row. Down each side of the front are long, narrow revers, these usually of velvet, and trimmed with enameled ornaments, or those matched to the buttons on the vest. The sleeve is close and small, with a narrow cuff of velvet at the edge, held with an ornament like those on the jacket. Other jackets, in English style, are made double-breasted themselves, the vest showing only at the top, and graceful shapes are brought out, cut short in front like a Russian jacket, with long Directoire coat backs, which fall more than a quarter of a yard over the drapery of the skirt in

he had not quite abandoned the former which revolved out of sight for two seasons, has come up smiling, and appears in novel and graceful arrangements, which He has endeavored to drown himself n tubs of cold water; and to seald himquite transform its rather wooden effect self to death in boilers of hot water; of other days. A celebrated New York and the number of times he has thrown designer send himself down-sta'rs is beyond calculaout with his tion. Ever since he has learned to creep he has been trying to utilize that juve-nile accomplishment by crawling out of

journal a number of new devices in polonaises, this indrawn directly models. The skirt of one long, ample polonaise is slashed its entire length, thus dividing it into secreally panels. of three, set some inches from the next three above, are arranged across the bottom of each panel, making nine rows in all. The polonaise is open all the way down polonaise is open all the way down the front, there-

Walking Costume of fore there Plain and Striped wooi-en Goods and Velvet. panels each side of the anderskirt, which is partly covered by a bow and long ends of satin ribbon, which come from un-der an opening in the corsage of the polonaise, tie, and fall nearly to the front of the underskirt.

KILTS, PANELS,
plain and plaited box plaits and plain
round effects, wholly unplaited, are all
noted on the very latest costumes from over the sea. Revers of velvet, or of goods contrasting with those which form the gown, are set upon both skirt and bodice, and bended ornaments, lace, silk gimp

trimmings and as much the fashto give. No one can be prepared for as if they had every question which can be asked. just appeared up-The veriest fool can ask more in five on the scene. Demiseason mantles can answer in a life time. I know the temptation is great to give a reply of visite for the older wearers and the English open coat for the younger people are the two most popular autumn styles as yet introduced. Ribbon trimmings of all sorts, from velvet with Picotedge, to plain satin, plays an important role as a dress garniture, and flowers of shaded velvet, in magnificent autumnal colorings, will strongly rival fluffy short tips as adornings for my

lady's picturesque Walking Costume of Gainsborough hat Plain Homespun and Plaid.

for fall wenr. THE LEG O' MUTTON SLEEVE is contesting for high rank in autumn modes, and has already been recognized by French attieres. Elbow sleeves, slashed with puffs of velvet set in; full length sleeves with a deep V insertion of lace satin or other goods set in to reach from the shoulder to near the elbow, and even puffed sleeves, are all revived, French modistes declaring that a large puffed or leg o' mutton sleave imparts a slender effect to the waist-ergo, puffed sleaves by the score.

EVOLUTION PREFERRED.

As a woman standing all alone I humbly hope to shine;
I'm tired of the dreary twaddie
Of the oak and ivy vine.
I've seen too many instances
Where, nature's law declining.
The vine did the supporting,
While the oak did all the twining.

Before I'd marry a man and work
For his bread and my own,
Before I'd marry a man who'd place
Himself upon a throne.
And claim from me, his better haif,
Allegiance blind and mute,
I'd marry the merest ape and wait
For him to evolute!
--Woman's Journal.

OSTRICH FEATHERS.

How the Health of the Bird Affects Its Ostrich chicken feathers are useles

ly cut before. At twelve months they are cut off. The stumps dry, and after a few weeks the bird sheds them, or they can be drawn out without pain and with ease. The feathers then take six months to grow before they can again be cut. Three pluckings are obtainable in two years' time. The process of plucking continues for many years, but it requires the greatest care to prevent the feathers deteriorating. The feathers from the wild bird are the longest and finest, but rarely more than three on one bird are sufficiently perfect to render them fit for commerce. Hence the necessity of the farm. A male bird turns black at about the age of eighteen months. The black and black-and-white feathers are pulled from different parts of the body; the white feathers come from one row only in the wing; tail feathers are never as white as those in the wing, and are usually bleached for "tips." So little is known about the habits of the ostrich that people are surprised to find how the health of the bird affects its feathers. In many of the best feathers is what appears to be a line running across the feather. This, is not caused by the may be. packing-string being too tightly tied, but by a day's illness. So delicate are the feathers and so intimately and so wonderfully connected with the organization of the bird that a day's dyspepsia from overfeeding or un-derfeeding will leave this mark. A delicate bird has its feathers more or less marked throughout. Ostriches are not camped out for breeding until the male bird is four and the hen three years of age. They lay from ten to fifteen eggs and incubate forty-two days. The male bird is a pattern husband and father; if necident should overtake his mate it is most usual for him to continue the sitting, and he has frequently been known o bring off the brood successfully 'mothering' them with the greates care until they can peck, which is not until three days after hatching. The nest of the ostrich is always in the sand, and is scratched out by the male bird the hen forms a perfect wall of sand round her with her wings before the eggs are hatched. The ostrich knows no fear, and is a most formidable and dangerous opponent. Their cry, which answers to cock-crowing, is a deep bellow that can be heard for a couple of miles, and is called "bromming. depression in ostrich farming has been caused by an overstocked market Naturally those in climates suited to the bird imported them from the Cape. When the steed was stolen, the Cape Government locked the stable door; but alas! the one hundred pounds premium on every bird exported was too late a measure to prevent thriving growing in Australia and India, and i s with chagrin bordering on despair that the Cape farmers find the retail trade gleaning the profits. - Chicago Tribune. WHOLESOME BREAD.

A Simple Receipt Which Is Certainly Worth a Trial.

It is strange that so many people should know so little about the preparation of really good food. It is useless to point out a few shining examples here and there-go east or west or north or south and good bread, for instance, is almost unknown. And coffee! who has not shuddered time and again at the decoction served under that name? I a statement of damages this man exhave drank it when I could not have hibited his piece of brass and declared ribbon, in clusters told to save my life whether I was drinking coffee or tea, or both, or something else. But to return to bread. To are arranged be really good, it should be white, spongy and tough, with a dark red crust that melts in the mouth with an indescribable sweetness, and leaves but one wish in the heart—more bread. To make it, but two things are necessary good flour and good hop yeast. No one can afford to use poor flour, for it absorbs so much water that it will not go one-half as far as flour of a better grade. The next requisite is home-made yeast. The dry kinds in market are seldom fresh, and yeast is so easily made and so easily

kept that it is poor policy to buy
The following receipt I know to good: Four potatoes, two handfuls of hops, one tablespoonful of ginger, two of salt, half cup sugar and one half cup of good fresh yeast. Boil the potatoe and hops together, and scald half a cup of flour with the water; as soon as sufficiently cold, add the yeast, sugar, salt and ginger and ferment twentyfour hours, and then bottle. It will keep six weeks in the hottest weather. Half a cupful will make from four to six loaves. The bread should be set over night, and thoroughly kneaded in the morning, the longer the better, but from half to three-quarters of an hour, anyway. Bake well, and just before taking from the oven, wet the tops of the loaves with cold water to insure that deep, dark red glaze so dear to the good bread lover's heart. Never use a par-ticle of butter or lard in bread, for it destroys the crustiness. - Cor.

The Wheat of the Pharaohs.

There is a proverb which says that there are more false facts than false theories in the world. Indeed false theories spring from mistakes as to facts, or a wrong interpretation of them. An instance of this is the case of wheat found in the coffins of Egyptian mummies. It has been stated over and and over again that such wheat retained its vitality for over four thousand years, and had sprouted as fresh and green as the seeds of last year's planting. Minis-ter S. S. Cox, who represents this country at Constantinople, had this matter thoroughly tested. He sent a package of wheat found in the graves of mies to responsible agriculturists in this country, who planted it under the most favorable conditions; but it would not germinate. Indeed, it was found on cutting the seed that it had turned to dust. - Demorest's Monthly.

-A remarkable story is related by the Norwood (Ont.) Register. A party of three persons—father and son and a neighbor-were recently indulging in a lrinking spree near the town, when the neighbor suddenly conceived a desire for a wife. At first the father and son proposed to sell him the old lady, but she was objected to because of her extreme age. The son then offered the man his wife, to whom he had only been married a year, for \$3 cash or \$5 on married a year, for \$3 cash or \$5 on time. The money was paid, and the husband, tying a rope around his wife's leg, placed the end of it in the hands of the purchaser, with a formula, duly witnessed, renouncing all right, title, and claim to the wife. The woman was then led away by her new husband. PITH AND POINT.

-Lady (to servant whom she is about to engage)—These are my conditions; do they suit you? Servant—H'm, Ill see. I always take ladies on trial.—N. Y. Herald.

—Now that creased pants and rough-edged paper are fashionable, the only thing needful to complete the editor's happiness is a craze for frayed cuffs.— Burlington Free Press.

—Sunday-school Teacher—Johnny, do you understand the parable of the shepherd and his sheep? Johnny—Yes, sir. Teacher—If you little children are the sheep, what am I. Johnny-A big sheep, sir.—Chicago Mail.

—A modern writer says "man is romantic to a woman." In a great many cases, judging from the number of hard-worked and worn-out wives. man is more of a tragedy to a woman. The romance is all before marriage.

-Patient-So glad you have come, doctor, I am in such pain! Doctor—Well, where's the trouble? Patient—I suffer so dreadfully from my corns. Doctor-Corns, ch! ahem! (meditatively) just show me your tongue. - N. Y.

-At the Dudery: "Is it true Smith is going to call Brown out?" "I believe it is." "Why, what is the trouble?" "He insulted him in the deadliest way; invited him to dinner, and offered him calf's brains a la Knickerbocker for the entree."—Town Topics.

-"I see, Lucinda, they are going to have a new music pagoda at Manhattan Beach. We must go down next week." "I don't think I care to, Henry; I can't bear pagodas. If they were going to play waltzes, why, I wouldn't mind. Pagodas are too classical."-Tid-Bits.

-Country editor (to assistant)-In your editorial on the murder case, Mr. Smith, you do not make use of the expression, "forging the links in the cham of evidence." Assistant—"No, sir; I forgot it. Shall I stop the press and work it in?" Country editor—"Cer-tainly."—N. Y. Sun.

-She (after a private theatrical entertainment)—"How cleverly the parts of Rome and Juliet were played, Mr. Smith." He-"Very: almost equal to professional work." She-"Did you know that the gentleman and lady who played the parts are husband and wife?"
He—"You astonish me! Husband and wife? Why, it was wonderful acting.

-A young lady reading in a newspaper the other day of a girl having been made crazy by a sudden kiss, called the attention of her uncle, who was in the room, to that singular occurrence, whereupon the old gentleman gruffly demanded what the fool had gone crazy for. "What did she go crazy for?" archly returned the ingenuous maiden. "Why, for more, I suppose."-N. Y. Ledger.

—Mamma, what are you looking for?" asked Little Mamie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack. "I'm looking for my wedding ring. I've hunted for it high and low. I wouldn't lose it for anything." "I wouldn't bother about it, mamma. If it comes to the worst you can get married again. That's what I'm going to do when I'm a widow."—Texas Siftings.

HIS PRECIOUS TRUNK. Experience of a Detroit Tax-Payer Who Is

There was one man who didn't take kindly to the late accident on the West Shore by which a dozen or more trunks were smashed and their contents ruined. When the passengers were ruined. When the passengers were notified to exhibit their checks and make that nothing less than three hundred dollars would make him whole. "Pretty valuable trunk," rem

"Yes, sir; I was going to Europe for

R Vear. The passengers gathered at the wrecked car to identify what had been saved, and as the parcels were handed down the number of the checks were called off. Pretty soon out came a thin, lean, cadaverous old carpet-bag which did not seem to contain more than a shirt and a pair of socks, and as the number of the check was called the official consulted his list and remarked to the

"This is your baggage, sir." "Y-e-s, I think so.

"That's the three-hundred-dollar trunk going to Europe with you!" "Y-e-s, that's the one. There was a general laugh at his ex-

ense, during which he retreated to the passenger-car. Some one presently sked him how he came to make such a "mistake," and he replied:
"Why, don't ye know, I supposed the

car and every thing in it had been smashed to bits. I never did have luck nohow in these railroad smash-ups.' -Detroit Free Press.

Just Like Mamma.

If mothers could always realize the ideals they represent to their children they would be greatly encouraged in their arduous duties. A lady upon a street car saw a little boy whom she knew. "So you have a little sister, Willie," she remarked, pleasantly. "Is she a

pretty baby? "She looks just like mamma," was the smiling answer.
"What do you call her?" asked the

adv. "She's named after mamma," answered the little fellow promptly. Everybody was smiling, and, to re-lieve the lady's embarrassment, his friend inquired the color of the baby's

hair. "It's the same color as mamma's," he responded, timidly.

A gentleman who had been amused by the dialogue, asked the wee man if the new little sister was a good baby. "Yes, sir." was the prompt reply. "She is just like mamma!"—Delroit

Why the Old Man Was Slow.

"Helloa, Uncle Boggy," said a young negro, speaking to an old negro whom he overtook in the street. "W'vn't ver walk faster an' not let me pass yer dis way?"

"Hole on er minit." the old man requested. "Yer've seed er man totin' er sack o' co'n, hain't yer?'

"Oh, yas, sah." "An' yer's seed er man totin' er empty sack, I spoze?"

"Ah, hah, an' didn't yer allus notice dat de man whut ain't got nothin' in his sack walks faster den de one dat's got a

"Yas, sah?" "Wall, yerse'f's one o' dem men wid er empty sack. Run er long, son, fur yer ain't got weight enuff on yer shoulders to hol' yer on de groun'. A-kansaw Traveler.